



# 4 AM



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## Chapter 1 by Ciya

imagine there are a few do's and don't's of what to do when your doorbell rings at four in the morning. It was dark, stormy, I was awake watching movies, and I was scared. What woman who lives alone in a big city wouldn't be? The scene was set perfectly for an abduction and/or murder. Still, I answered the door, and at that moment, I would've taken the death any day. See, there are things worse than death. One of those things was standing at my front door with a sly grin.

Was it a kidnapper? The Grim Reaper? A door-to-door salesman? A Jehovah's Witness? It was none of those things, it was an ex-boyfriend.

Really, we were never officially dating. I mean, we were still kind of dating. Well, we were some sort of a thing.

"Hey there," he purred.

"Please don't," I begged. Though there were many thoughts floating about in my brain. one stood out: he's still hot. Which was so amazingly true.

I did a once over of him. He wore a snug, white t-shirt, which was soaked and clung to his body, and jeans that I could tell from the front, were tight in the back. I hated him for making me want him to turn around so I could get a look almost as much as I hated myself for the thought.

"I see you're checking me out," he commented. He didn't actually know I was checking him out. I was, but he didn't know that. He would've said that even if I wasn't. His thought process was that if I was checking him out I'd be flustered and embarrassed, and if I wasn't, saying that would make me want to, which, yeah, it would, and then I'd be flustered and embarrassed.

"I see you're still an asshole," I replied. "What are you doing here?"

"A fortune teller ordered me to do it," he said. "I said, 'I made out with a girl.' 'Who and to stand in the way of fate?' he said. 'You.' 'And the words come from anyone else, I would've too.'"

"How did you know where I lived?"

"Would it surprise you to know that I'm a detective now?"

"Yes actually."

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"Well, actually more of a spy type thing," he ignored me and continued talking.

"Are you actually supposed to be telling me this?"

"It's okay if you to agree to something. And I promised my boss that you would agree, so please agree."

"Don't you just have some mind erase technology or something?" I asked with sarcasm.

He shrugged, "It's still in beta."

My eyes widened. I paused and waited for him to reveal that he was joking, but he didn't.

"What do you want from me?"

"Look, Ads," his use of my old nickname brought back many memories, some pleasant, others, not so much. "There's a lot we need to talk about, so can you please just invite me in and we can deal with this?"

"Deal with whatever spy shit you have to do or..."

"Other stuff too," he nodded.

"Come on in Kian."

He stepped past me and stepped onto the welcoming mat that sat a few feet from the door. In the process I got that back view I had been hoping for.

"So, is there any chance I can get a towel or something? I don't really want to get water all over your carpet." I stood in place glancing from side to side trying to figure out where the actual Kian was.

"Any day now, Adley." And there he was.

I turned and found a teal towel and tossed it to him.

"Thanks," he said shortly.

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